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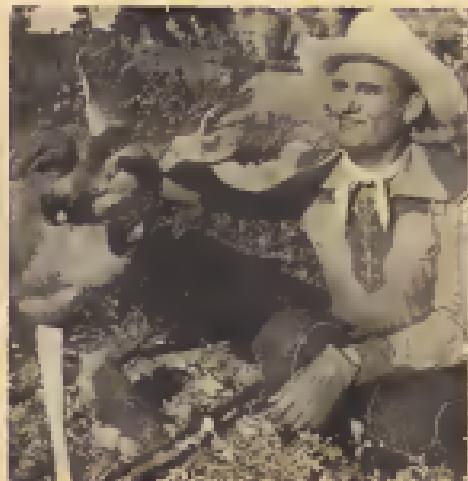
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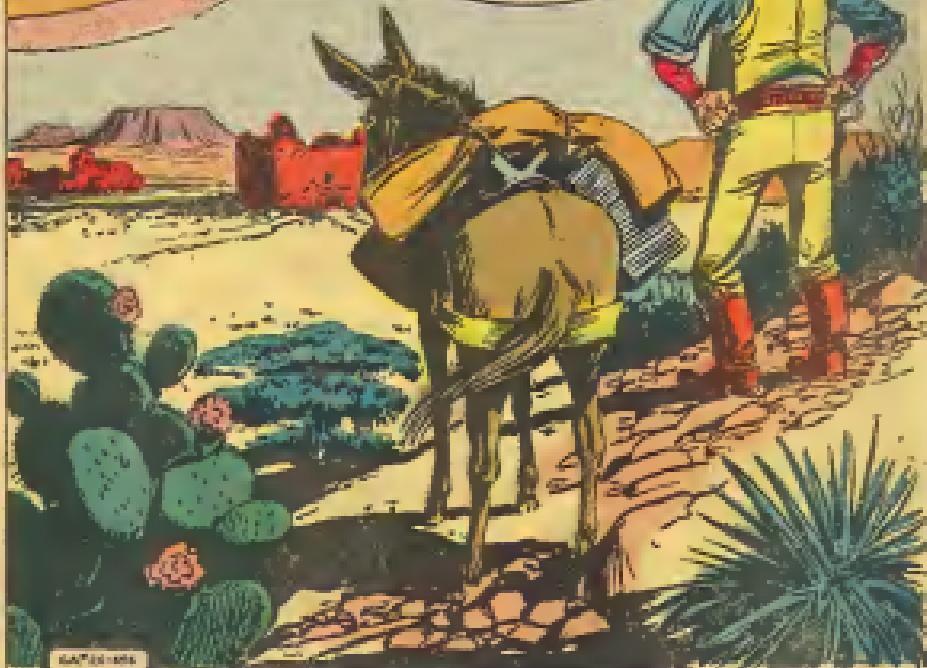
GENE AUTRY

USE THE HANDY ORDER FORM AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE

Gene Autry and the GHOST OF TABIRÁ

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, FLAPBACK HOBBS, GENE AUTRY'S OLD PROSPECTOR FRIEND, TOPS A RISE ON THE MANZANO MOUNTAINS, TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO, AND LOOKS DOWN ON A STRANGE, WEIRD SIGHT...

GOSH A' MIGHTY! LOOK,
JOCKO! THE PUEBLO O'
TABIRÁ! JUST LIKE
PANHANDLE PETE SAID
IT'D LOOK!



SURE HOPE PETE WAS RIGHT/
'BOUT BURIED TREASURE HERE,
THO!



GONNA CAMP OUT HERE!
DON'T TAKE 'EM
BUNKS! TOO DURNED
SPOOKY LOOKIN'!



AFTER SUPPED...

AIN'T SEEN NO WILD CRITTERS! NEH
HEED NONE! BUT 'TWONT HURT
T'KEEP THE FIRE A-GOIN' JUST IN
CASE!



SURE TIRED! KINDA GOT
THE JIMMIES, TOO! SO
DAWNONE QUIET!



AT THE SAME MOMENT NOT FAR AWAY...

WHERE YUH GOIN',
ROCKY?

UP TO THE TOWER FOR
A LOOKSEE, PEACE! I'M
NOT HANKERIN' FOR THE
LAW TO SNEAK UP ON
US, UNSUSPECTED-LIKE!



IT CHANCE O' THAT I AIN'T A SHERIFF
IN THE SOUTHWEST WHO'D FIGURE
WE'RE USIN' THESE BLUES FOR A
HIDE-OUT!

MAYBE NOT,
BARNEY!

BUT SINCE HAZEL TOLD US THAT
PROFESSOR HOMBRE, NILES, SENT
FOR GENE AUTRY, I'M NOT TAKIN'
ANY CHANCES!

WHAT IN BLAZES!

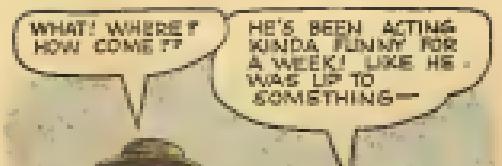
WHAT'S UP ROCKY?
YUH LOOK LIKE YUH
SEEN A GHOST!

I SAW WORSE!
A CAMPFIRE AN' A
BURRO! SOMEBODY'S
CAMPIN' OVER BY
THE CHURCH!

YOU'RE LOCO!
NOBODY'S COME
OUT HERE TO
CAMP!

GO UP AN' LOOK
FOR YOURSELF,
BARNEY! I SAW—





HE WAS SO SURPRISED, HE GAVE
IT AWAY HE WAS ONTO US AND
THE HIDE-OUT! I BEAT HIM TO
THE BEAT! THAT'S ALL THERE
WAS TO IT!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

I MEAN WHEN GENE AUTRY
FINDS OUT NILES HAS
BEEN SHOT, HE WON'T
REST TILL HE GETS THE
KILLER!

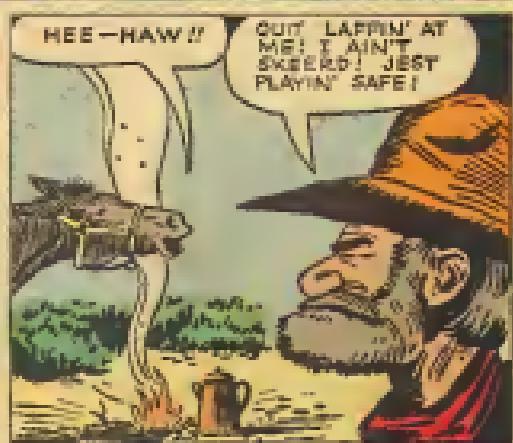


THEN HE'S SURE GOING TO LOSE A LOT OF
SLEEP, BECAUSE HE'LL NEVER PIN IT
ON ME! COME ON! LET'S EAT! THEN
WE'LL SEE ABOUT GETTING RID OF
WHOEVER OWNS THAT BURRO AND
CAMPARE!



JUST BEFORE DAWN...





SOON! SHE'S YAMOOSED!
PROB'LY SATISFIED! NOW
WE'RE CLEARIN' OUT!

SURE GONNA SMACK DOWN
PANHANDLE PETE! NEXT TIME
I SEE HIM! DURNED GALLOOT!
OUGHTA TOLD ME 'BOUT THAT
HANT!



SOMETIME LATER...

WELL THEM BUZZARDS'RE
CIRCLIN', MUST BE
MORE'N ROCKS IN
THAT DRAW!

SURE FISHERD EIGHT!
THAT'S AN HOMBRE/
LYIN' BY THEM
BUSHES!



LOOKS LIKE HE'S DONE FER!
PROB'LY TOO MUCH SUN!
AN' NO WATER!

SURE FISHERD WRONG!
BEEN SHOT! THREE
TIMEES!



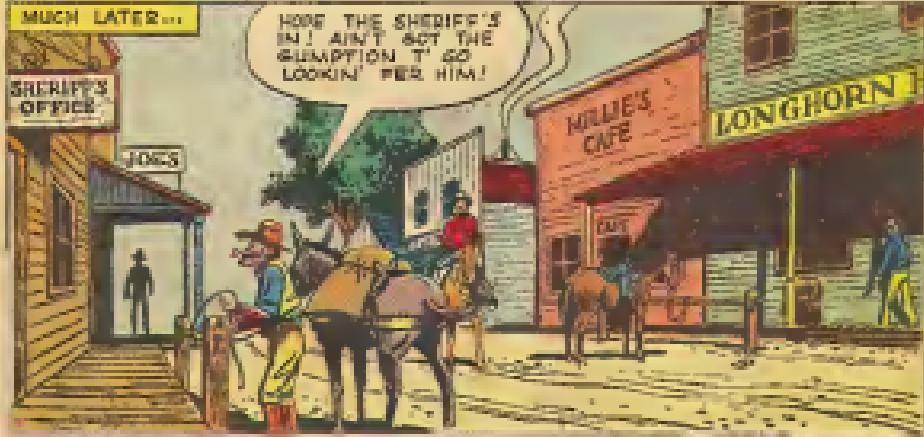
POCKETS 'RE PLUMB EMPTY! KILLER
MUSTA DONE IT! SO'S NOBODY'D
KNOW WHO HE WAS! IF HE EVER
GOT FOUND!



A LITTLE LATER...



MUCH LATER...



TAGHATION! WHAT
YUH TALKIN' T' DO?
RUN ME DOWN!

COULD BE!



GENE AUTRY!
HOWPY, FLAPJACK!
LONG TIME NO
SEE!



SURE I PHONED! I
THOUGHT YUH
WUH VACATIONIN'!
ON YORE SPREAD!

I WAS! BUT A FEW
DAYS AGO I GOT A
WIRE FROM PROFESSOR
MILES, AN OLD FRIEND
OF MINE FROM THE
EAST! HE ASKED ME TO
COME HERE
PRONTO!



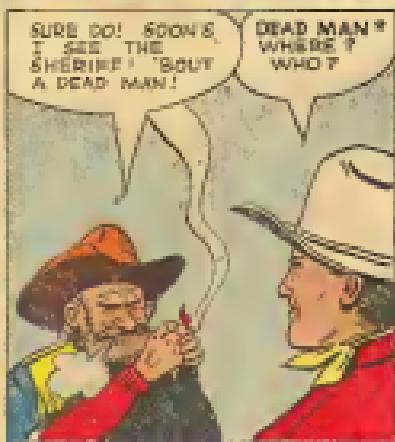
OH-OH! MUST
BE TROUBLE
A-BREAKIN'!

COULD SEE! MILES SAID
HE'D EXPLAIN WHEN HE
SAW ME! HE AND HIS
DAUGHTER, PEGGY, ARE
AT THE HOTEL! I'M
GOIN' THERE NOW! WANTS
COME ALONG!



SURE DO! SOON'S
I SEE THE
SHERIFF! 'BOUT
A DEAD MAN!

DEAD MAN? WHERE?
WHO?



GENE AUTRY!
I'M MIGHTY
GLAD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!

SAME HERE, BEN! MEET
FLAPJACK HOBBS! BEST
BURNED DESERT CAT WEST
O' THE PECOS"—SO HE
SAYS!



LET'S FIND THE
SHERIFF! TELL
YOU BOTH T
ONCEY I SAW
TIME THAT
WAY!

A GOOD IDEA!



GLAD TO KNOW YOU,
FLAPJACK! FIGGIN'
ON DOIN' SOME
PROSPECTIN'
AROUND HERE?

SURE WACI
AIN'T NOW!
TOO RISKY!
ANTAGONIZIN'
FEMALE GHOST!





THE GOOD PADRE WAS REAL SURPRISED
AN ASKED 'EM HOW COME?

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
SPANISH LADY CAME
TO SEE LS. PADRE!
SHE TOLD US TO DO
THIS! AND SHE
SPOKE TO US IN
OUR OWN TONGUE!

IMPOSSIBLE!
WE HAVE NO
FEMALE
MISSIONARIES!
YOU MUST BE
MISTAKEN!

ALL THE INJUNS SNOKE THE STORY WAS TRUE!
THEN THEY FOLLOWED THE PADRE INTO
THE CHURCH TO PRAY!



FATHER BENAVIDES WAS MIGHTY PUZZLED BY ALL THIS! BUT HE SENT TWO
MISSIONARIES BACK WITH THE INJUNS! AN THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF
THE TABIRA MISSION!



A YEAR LATER, THE TABIRA CHURCH WAS
FINISHED! IT WAS THE BIGGEST ONE EVER
BUILT IN NORTH AMERICA!



IN 1620, FATHER BENAVIDES
WENT TO SPAIN AND HEADED
STRAIGHT FOR THE CONVENT
AT AGREDA.



HE LEARNED THAT MOTHER LUISA WAS DEAD! THE NEW ABBESS, MARIA CORONEL, RECEIVED HIM AN' HEARD HIS STORY!

FADDE BEHAVIDES, I AM THE ONE WHO SENT THE INDIANS TO YOU! I VISITED THEM WHILE I WAS IN A TRANCE!

FADDE BEHAVIDES CHECKED UP ON HER STORY! WHEN HE FOUND OUT NOBODY FROM THAT CONVENT HAD EVER BEEN OUT OF SPAIN, HE DECIDED IT WAS TRUE!



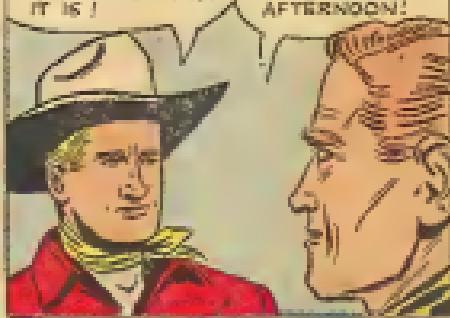
AN' I'M NOT THE ONE TO SAY IT AINT'! OR THAT MARIA DOESN'T STILL WATCH OVER TABIDA.

HER STORY MIGHT'VE BEEN TRUE! WHO KNOWS? BUT I SURE DON'T BELIEVE THIS GHOST BUSINESS!



THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION FOR WHAT FLAPJACK SAW! AN' I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

HERE'S HORN! YOU GO! I'M EDIN' TO THE JUNCTION TONIGHT! BE BACK TOMORROW AFTERNOON!



MEANTIME, IF YOU'D LOOK INTO THIS KILLIN' FLAPJACK TURNED UP, I'D BE MUCH OBLIGED!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO WHAT I CAN! COME ALONG, FLAPJACK! IT'S HIGH TIME WE HUNTED UP PROFESSOR MILES!



WHAT'S THIS, FELLA, MILES? A PROFESSOR OF, GENE T

HISTORY! HE'S AN EXPERT ON INDIANS, THEIR HISTORY, LEGENDS, AN' CUSTOMS!



GENE! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! DAD'S BEEN MISSING SINCE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, AND I'M SO UPSET BECAUSE HE —

WHAO, THERE, PEGGY! YOU'RE TALKIN' SO FAST I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU!

HORN
TEL



I'M SORRY, BUT I'M SO WORRIED!

I SAVVY, HONEY! LET'S FIND A COOL, QUIET SPOT AN' YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!



DAD-DAT IT! RECKON I GOTTA INTRODUCE AN' SELF! NAME'S FLAPJACK HOBBS, MA'AM! OLD FRIEND O' GENE'S!

THEN THAT MAKES YOU A FRIEND OF MINE, TOO, MISTER HOBBS! COME THIS WAY!

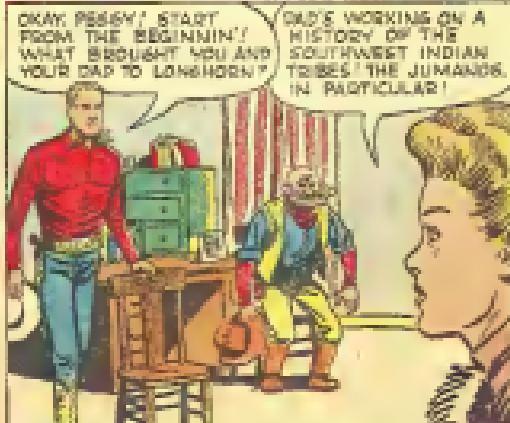


DAD RENTED THIS ROOM FOR A STUDY! WE WON'T BE DISTURBED HERE!



OKAY, PEGGY! START FROM THE BEGINNING! WHAT BROUGHT YOU AND YOUR DAD TO LONGHORN?

DADE WORKIN' ON A HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST INDIAN TRIBES! THE JUMANOS, IN PARTICULAR!



THEY'VE A LOST TRIBE THAT ONCE LIVED IN A VALLEY NOT FAR FROM HERE! ABOUT 100 YEARS AGO, THE WHOLE TRIBE VANISHED, LEAVING THEIR PUEBLO AND CHURCH TO GO TO RUIN!

SOOSH, A' MUSATY! TABIBA! WHERE I SEEN THE FEMALE GHOST!

WHAT YOU ACTUALLY SAW WAS A COCONOL! INVENT! DAD WILL BE SO INTERESTED!



SEEN HER LAST NIGHT! I —

HOLD IT! WE'LL GET AROUND TO THE GHOST AFTER YOU FINISH TELLIN' US ABOUT YOUR BAR, PEGGY! GO ON!



A FEW DAYS AGO, DAD STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING! HE WAS TERRIBLY EXCITED! THAT'S WHEN HE WIRED YOU, GENE!

DID HE GIVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT HE'D DISCOVERED?



NO! WHEN HE LEFT YESTERDAY, HE SAID HE'D SURELY BE BACK BEFORE NOON TODAY! OH, GENE, I'M SURE SOMETHING DISGEOUL HAS HAPPENED TO HIM!

DON'T GO BORROWIN' TROUBLE, HONEY! ANY NOTION WHERE HE WAS GOIN'?



PROBABLY TOWED TABIBA! HE'S BEEN SCOUTING THE MOUNTAINS FOR TRACES OF THE JUMANOS! PLANS ON EXAMINING THE RUINS LATER!



IT'S TOO DARK TO DO MUCH LOOKIN' FOR HIM TONIGHT! FIGHT THING TOMORROW, FLARJACK AND I WILL RIDE OUT THAT WAY!



WHAT SAY WE ALL GET SOME FOOD UNDER OUR BELTS? FLARJACK CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE GHOST WHILE WE'RE EATIN'!



I COULD DO WITH SOME WASHIN'-UP, TOO! HOW ABOUT IT, FLAP—

GENE! LOOK, HERE! PRONTO!



WHAT'S GOT YOU SO HET UP?

THE HORROR IN THIS PITCHURE? HE'S THE FELLA I BURIED OUT IN THAT GULLY!



GREAT GUNS, FLARJACK! THAT'S GEORGE NILE'S!



GOSH A' MIGHTY! WHY'D ANYBODY WANTS A BOY-SUCH HIM?

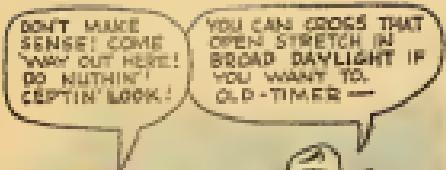
I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IN THE RUINS OF TABIBA!



A LITTLE LATER...







PROP UP THAT CAYUSE, FLAPJACK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA, FOR UNMASKIN' YOUR FEMALE GHOST AN CATCHIN' WHOEVER'S HIDIN' IN THOSE RUINS— AT ONE FELL SWOOP!



AS GENE AND FLAPJACK, HIGHTAIL IT FOR TOWN... ANY SIGN OF THEM, TET, REACT?

NONE! THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHIN' MOVIN' ON THE RIDGE AWHILE AGO! RECKON I WAS WRONG!



MAVRE, YOU'RE WRONG, TOO. SIS! ABOUT AUTRY HEADING THIS WAY!

MAVRE! BUT I COULD SWEAR THOSE TWO RIDERS I SPOTTED THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE WERE HIM AND HIS PAL!



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO TOWN! I'M EXPECTIN' A WIRE ABOUT SOME NEW GUESTS FOR THIS CASA! IF AUTRY SHOWS UP, DON'T MAKE A MOVE TILL HE GETS INSIDE HERE!

DON'T WORRY, SIS! WE WON'T TAKE A CHANCE ON HIS ESCAPIN' TO SPILL THE BEANS ABOUT US!



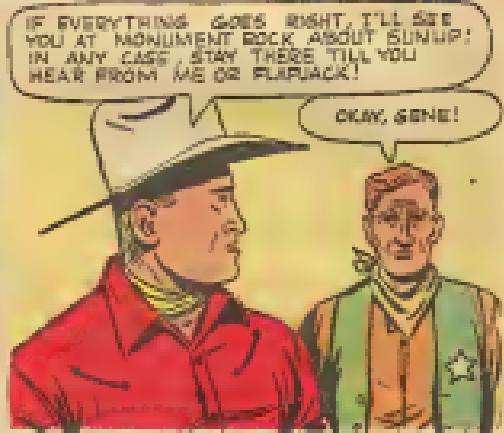
LATER IN LONGHORN, GENE EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO THE SHERIFF AND FLUJACK AS HE FINISHES —

DARNED GOOD IDEA, GENE! I'M SURE IT WILL WORK! I'LL LINE UP THE BOYS AN' TELL 'EM TO BE AT MONUMENT ROCK TWO HOURS ADORE SUNUP!

TELL 'EM TO LEAVE TOWN ONE AT A TIME! IF HAZEL'S TIED IN WITH THESE MYSTERIES, SHE WON'T GET WISE A POSSE'S FORMIN'!

GOTTA GET GOIN' ELSE MEIN JACKO WON'T HIT TABIDA BY MIDNIGHT!

BE SURE TO LIGHT THAT CAMPFIRE WHERE IT CAN BE SEEN FROM ANY OF THE PUEBLO BUILDINGS! IF THE IMAGE SHOWS, LIGHT OUT FAST!

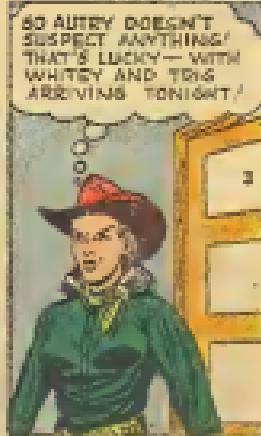


AUTRY! AND PEASO! HE'S FOUND NILE'S BODY!

I'M OKAY NOW, GENE! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO—WHY—

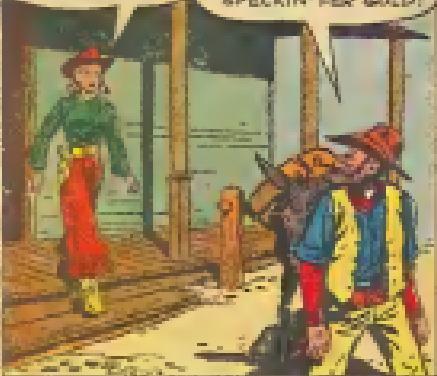
NO, BUT I'LL FIND OUT AND TRACK HIM DOWN IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

SO AUTRY DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING! THAT'S LUCKY—WITH WHITEY AND TRIS ARRIVING TONIGHT!



LEAVING LONGHORN TWISTED HOBBS?

YEP, HEADING FOR TEXAS TO DO SOME SPECKIN' FOR GOLD!



I AM A FOOL THINKING HE WAS WORKIN' WITH AUTRY! I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY NOW ABOUT MEETING THE BOYS AND TAKING THEM OUT TO TABER.



THAT NIGHT AT TABER...

SOME LAYOUT, HAD'L! FIRST TIME I'VE FELT SAFE SINCE WE'VE BEEN ROBBED THAT SANTA FE BANK!

YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU'VE GOT THE CASH, TRIS! I'M NOT IN BUSINESS FOR MY HEALTH, YOU KNOW!



WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PINTERO TO LIE LOW HERE TILL WHITEY'S SHOULD'R'S OKAY—

AN' THEN SOME! AN' YOU DON'T HADTA WORRY ABOUT AUTRY! OR ANY OTHER LAWMAN! THEY CAN'T GET WITHIN HALF A MILE OF THIS PLACE WITHOUT US SPOTTIN' 'EM I HOPE!





AS HAZEL SLIPS THE SLIDE INTO THE
LANTERN...

GREAT SUNS!
FLAPJACK'S
FEMALE GHOST!

THAT'S DONE BY A MAGIC
LANTERN OR I MISS MY
GUESS! NOW, I KNOW
WHERE TO LOOK FOR
WHOEVER'S HIDIN' OUT
HERE!



I'LL PICK UP CHAMP AND
THEN MEET BEN AND THE
POSSE!

HAI HAI! THAT DID
IT! HE'S PUTTIN'
OUT HIS FIRE!

HE'LL BE LIGHTIN' OUT IN
ANOTHER FEW MINUTES!
COME ON! LET'S GET BACK
TO OUR FIRE!



AT DAWN...

WHAT IN BLAZES!
A SHOT!

DEAC! WHAT'S UP!

PLENTY! A POSSE SNEAKED
UP ON FOOT IN THE NIGHT!
THEY'RE HIDIN' OUT IN THE
CHURCH RUINS!



THE OUTLAWS MOVE FAST....

OKAY, BOYS! THIS IS IT! WATCH YOUR LEAD! DON'T SHOOT UNLESS YOU'RE GOING TO HIT SOMETHING!

OWWW!



ZOMIE! THAT WAS CLOSE, SIS! MAYBE WE'D BETTER GIVE UP AN—

NOTHING DOING!

ROCKY, QUICK! YOU AND TEE COVER THE BACK! SOMETHING'S MOVING BEHIND THOSE JUNIPERS!



TOO LATE, HAZEL! WE'VE GOT EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU COVERED!

AUTRY!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

SOON A'MIGHTY!
SHE JUMPED!

YES, FLAPJACK! AND I RECKON
IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!

HAZEL! STOP!



I STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE HAZEL
WAS BEHIND
ALL THIS, SENG!
AND THAT SHE
KILLED MY
DAD!

IT'S TRUE ENOUGH!
ROCKY'S TALKED PLENTY!
SHE FIGURED OUT THAT
MAGIC LANTERN TRICK,
TO SCARE
TREASURE HUNTERS
AWAY!



IT WAS SOME
HALL! THERE'S
A REWARD FOR
EVERY ONE O'
THOSE FIVE
OWLHOOFS WE
BAGGED!

GIVE MY SHABE TO
PEGGY BEN! SHE'LL
NEED IT, IF SHE
STAYS HERE TO
FINISH HER DAD'S
BOOK—LIKE SHE
PLANS!



I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE GOIN
BACK TO
TABERIA AND
LOOK FOR
THE LOST
TREASURE,
FLAPJACK?

NOPE! HAD N'FILL
O'THAT PLACE!
MIGHT MEET UP
WITH THE REAL
GHOST!



TOLD HAZEL WUI
HEARDIN' FER TEXAS!
AIM T'KEEP
MY WORD! ADIOS,
EVER'BODY!

SO LONG, OLD-TIMER!
CHAMP AND I ARE
HEADING HOME NOW,
TO FINISH OUR
VACATION!



SMART GAL

Comics by Western Photo Co.



His office was shadowed and cool when Sheriff Lloyd Telford came into it from the dust-laden air of the street. He closed the door against the heat and the clang of the anvil from Luke Mills's smithy next door. Then, scowling, he walked to his desk and took a large iron key from one of the pigeon-holes. He let the key dangle from his forefinger while he crossed the office and stepped through a door at the rear. Beyond the threshold, he glanced right down a fairly wide corridor, on one side of which were five iron-barred doors.

Abruptly he turned and went to his left through another door, one that opened into a comfortably furnished living room. He did not close this door. With Pike Mocklin in that middle cell, and Mocklin's two gunslinging pals still on the loose, anything could happen. It was better to have the way clear for action if it did.

Slowly he walked toward the kitchen whence came the splashing of water and gay, wordless singing. Fanny was at the sink, up to her elbows in soapsuds. She glanced up, smiling, as he loomed in the doorway. But her smile faded when she saw his deep scowl.

"What's wrong, Lloyd?" Her voice was low and soft like desert whispers at night. "Is—is Joy . . . ?"

"He'll be okay in a couple weeks, accordin' to Doc."

"Then what are you so all-fired worried about?" she asked.

"You."

"Me?" Her laughter rang briefly through the kitchen. "Why, there's nothing wrong with me."

"You bet there isn't," Lloyd said warmly. "You're the best darned wife a man could have. That's why I'm worryin' over havin' to leave you for a little while."

Fear flashed through her eyes. But her voice was calm when she spoke. "I don't understand, Lloyd."

"Oh, 'twon't be for more'n a couple hours," he assured her. "I've got to ride out to Warmer's spread. Seems there was a—some trouble out there this mornin'."

Fanny looked relieved. "Is that all? Well, run along. Nothing can happen to me in a couple of hours."

"Zed Cragg and Bull Fiske might try to break Pike Mocklin outta jail," said Lloyd quietly.

"They might," Fanny admitted, "but I don't think they'd hurt me. All they'd care about would be getting hold of that key you're playing with and unlocking Mocklin's cell."

"Reckon you're right, honey, but I hope you don't aim to leave it where they CAN get it."

Fanny's eyes widened with surprise. "You're leaving it here?"

Lloyd nodded. "I've got to. Supposin' there's a fire?"

"I hadn't thought of that." Fanny reached for the key and dropped it into her apron pocket. "I'll put it there till I think of a real good place to hide it."

Lloyd kissed her, straightened his Stetson, and headed for the back door. As he turned the knob, he looked back. Fanny was again up to her elbows in soapsuds.

"Luke Mills'll be in the smithy all

mornin'," he said. "An' he'll be keepin' his eyes open an' his gun handy. So if those birds show up, pull down the window shade. That'll bring Luke over on the double."

Fanny smiled. "I savvy."

Through the window, the only one the kitchen boasted, Fanny watched Lloyd swing up onto the big room's back. As he rode away, her smile gave way to a small frown. Lloyd had ridden right out into Main Street. Now, everybody would know he was leaving town.

An hour later, Fanny was measuring out the ingredients for a spice cake when the back door burst open and a harsh voice rasped, "Put up your hands, sister! We got yuh covered."

Fanny was not surprised; she had more or less been expecting this. She raised her hands and turned to face two hard-eyed men and two menacing guns. "You must be Zed Clegg and Bull Fiske," she said.

"Right," growled the bigger of the two. "I'm Fiske. Now, we know yuh're alone here, an' we want the key to our pal's cell."

"The sheriff has his keys with him," Fanny said. "So I guess you'll have to shoot the lock off."

"An' bring the whole town here in two shakes?" scowled Bull. "I'mbettin' there's an extra key around somewhere."

"While you're looking for it, I'll finish mixing this cake—if you don't mind," said Fanny.

Bull took the six-gun from the cupboard shelf as he answered. "Reckon not. Reckon, too, afore we start lookin', I'll jest do this." Stepping to the window, he yanked down the shade. "Can't take chances on bein' spotted."

The next five minutes were the longest Fanny ever spent. While Bull ransacked the cupboard, Zed kept his eyes and his gun on her. She did not look at them; she concentrated on gently stirring the cake batter. And waited for the back door to burst open again. When it finally did, instead of Luke's gruff, slightly halting voice, she heard the cool tones of her husband!

An oath exploded from Bull's thick

lips. It was followed by the clatter of guns hitting the floor. Fanny turned. The kitchen was filling with men; some through the back door, others from the living room. There was the click of handcuffs. Then Lloyd was coming toward her, taking her in his arms, smiling apologetically down into her face.

"I hated usin' you for bait, honey," he said, "but I couldn't figure any other scheme for smokin' out these birds."

Fanny nodded. "I guessed it was a trick when I saw you riding away down Main Street, in plain sight . . . And then I remembered the Wamer spread was closed. That's why I decided to make a cake. Then there wouldn't be any slip up like them finding the key before I could pull down the shade and signal you all to close in. But I didn't have to pull down the shade so . . ."

"What in blazes are you gobbling about?" Lloyd interrupted.

"Why, Bull obligingly pulled down the shade for me," explained Fanny, reaching for the mixing spoon and dipping it into the deep bowlful of batter. "And while he was doing it, I hid the key." She brought up the spoon and Lloyd's frown disappeared in a wide grin for in the spoon was the extra key to the cell doors!

"I'll be hanged!" Bull exploded.

"That's right," chuckled Lloyd, giving Fanny a breath-stifling hug. "Thanks to this very smart and very brave gal!"



A BRAVE BUTTON

THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE SINISTER FIGURE OF A MAN STEALS UP TO AN OPEN WINDOW OF A SMALL HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SPLITROCK, ARIZONA TERRITORY.



HE PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THE FORM IN THE BED...



THEN HIS HAND MAKES A SWIFT GESTURE TOWARD HIS BELT...

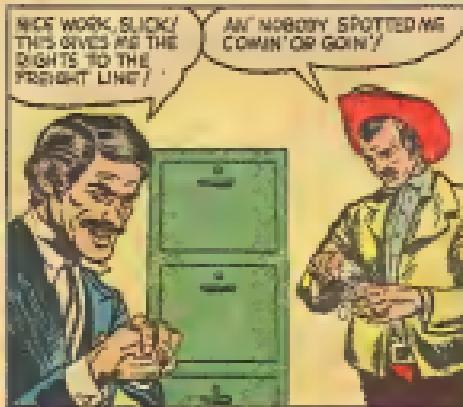


STEEL FLASHES IN THE MOONLIGHT...



...AND FINDS ITS MARK!









AT THAT MOMENT...

HERE THEY COME,
BOSS!

DIGIT! REVEALEDON! HOLD
YOUR FIRE TILL THEY'RE
IN CLOSE RANGE!

THAT FLASH
O' LIGHT! IT'S THE
SUN SHININ' ON
A SUN BARREL!

SURE IS, DOBBY!
LET 'EM
HAVE IT!







